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Selected Poetry.

YOU AND I.

BY FRANK FOREST, IN "THE NEW ENGLANDER."

Standing in the moonlight
"Heath the clear blue sky,
Talking low together,
Only you and I.
Talk of how the breezes
Round us gently sigh;
How the lovely moonlight
Falls o'er you and I.

Talk about Time's angel
Passing swiftly by,
Waiting not for any,
Even you and I;
Talk how summer flowers
Fade away and die;
Sink into a silent tomb,
So must you and I.

Talk of how the church spires,
Pointing to the sky,
Mark the way of wisdom,
So should you and I.
Talk how the clear blue sky,
Sweet was our communion,
Loved one, you and I.

If for aye we're parted,
Earnestly we'll try
To meet again—if not on earth,
In heaven—you and I.

Selected Sketch.

A SURPRISE.

FROM REI'S RIFLE RANGERS.

Within lay a circular tank, or basin, of crystal water, several rods in diameter, and walled in on all sides by the high screen of glossy plantains, whose giant leaves, stretching out horizontally, sheltered it from the rays of the noon-day sun. A low parapet of mason work ran round, forming the circumference of the circle. This was japed with a species of porcelain, whose deep coloring of blue and green and yellow, was displayed in a variety of grotesque figures. A strong jet boiled up the centre, by the refraction of whose ripples the gold and red fish seemed multiplied into myriads. At a distant point, a bed of water-lilies hung out from the parapet; and the long, thin neck of a swan rose gracefully over the leaves.

Another, his mate, stood upon the bank, drying his snowy pinions in the sun. A different object attracted me, depriving me for a while the power of action. In the water, near the jet, were two beautiful girls, clothed in a sort of sleeveless green tunic, loosely girdled. They were immersed to the waist. So pellucid was the water, that their little feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, shining like gold. Luxuriant hair fell down in broad flakes, partially shrouding the snowy development of their arms and shoulders. Their forms were strikingly similar. Tall, graceful, fully developed, and characterized by that elliptical line of beauty that in the female form, more than any other earthly object, illustrates the famed curve of Hogarth. Their features, too, were alike.

"Sisters," one would exclaim, and yet their complexions were strikingly dissimilar. The blood mantling darker in the veins of one, lent an olive tint to the soft and wax-like surface of her skin, while the red upon her cheeks and lips presented an admixture of purple. Her hair, too, was black; and a dark shading along the upper lip, soft and silken as the tracery of a crayon, contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of her teeth. Her eyes were black, large, and almond-shaped, with an expression which looks over one; and her whole appearance formed a type of that beauty which we associate with the Abencerrage and Alambra. This was, evidently, the elder. The other was the type of a distinct class of beauty—the golden-haired blonde. Her eyes were large, globular, and blue as turquoise. Her hair of a chaste yellow, long and luxuriant; while her skin, less soft and waxen than that of her sister, presented an effusion of rosy blushes, that extended along the snowy whiteness of her arms. These, in the sun, appeared as bloodless and transparent as the tiny goldfish that quivered in her uplifted hand!

I was riveted to the spot. My first impulse was to retire, silently and modestly; but the power of a strange fascination for the moment prevented me. Was it a dream? "Ah, que barbara! pobre cie-lo—ito!" (Ah, what a barbarian you are! poor little thing!) I exclaimed.

"We will eat it," "Por Dios! echalo, Luz. o tirare la agua en los ojos de V." (Goodness, no! throw it in Luz, or I will throw water in your eyes.) And the speaker stooped as if to execute the threat. "Ya—no." (No, I will not "Guarda!" (Look out.) The blonde placed her little hands close together, forming, with their united palms, a concave surface, and commenced dashing water upon the perverse blonde. The latter instantly dropped the goldfish and retaliated. An exciting and animated contest ensued. The bright globules flew around their heads, and rolled down their glistening tresses as from the pinions of a swan, while their clear laughter rang out at intervals, as one or the other appeared victorious.

A horse drew my attention from this interesting spectacle. Looking whence it came, my eyes rested upon a huge negress, stretched upon a cocoa tree, who had raised herself on one arm, and was laughing at the contest. It was her voice, then, I had mistaken for that of a man. Becoming sensible of my intrusive position, I turned to retreat when a shrill cry reached me from the pond. The swan, with a frightened energy, shrieked and flapped over the surface; the gold fish shot and fro, like cannonballs, and leaped out of the water, terrified; and the birds on all sides screamed and chattered. All sprang forward to ascertain the cause of this strange emotion. My eye fell upon the negress, who had risen, and, running out upon the parapet with uplifted arms, shouted, in terrified accents—"Valgame Dios! nina! El cayman! el cayman!" I looked across to the other side of the pond.

A fearful object met my eyes—the cayman of Mexico! The hideous monster was slowly crawling over the low wall, dragging his lengthened body from a bed of aquatic plants. Already his short fore-arms, squammy and corrugated, rested upon the inner edge of the parapet, his shoulders projecting, as if in the act to spring. His scale-covered back, with its long, serrated ridge, glittered with a slippery moistness, and his eyes, usually dull, gleamed fierce and lurid from their prominent sockets. I had brought with me a light rifle. It was but the work of a moment to unsling and level it. The sharp crack followed, and the ball impinged harmlessly between the monster's eyes, glancing from its hard skull as though it had been a plate of steel. The shot was an idle one—perhaps worse—for, stung with madness by the stunning shock, the reptile sprang far out into the water and made directly for his victims.

The girls, who had long since given over their mirthful contest, seemed to have lost all their presence of mind, and instead of making for the bank, stood looking in each other's arms, terrified and trembling. Their symmetrical forms fell into an agonized embrace, and their rounded arms, olive and roseate, laced each other, and twisted across their quivering bodies. Their faces were turned to Heaven, as though they expected succor from above—a group that rivalled the Laocoon. With a spring I cleared the parapet, and, drawing my sword, dashed madly across the basin. The girls were near the centre, but the cayman had got the start of me, and the water, three feet deep, impeded my progress. The bottom of the tank, too, was slippery, and I fell once or twice on my hands. I rose again, and with frantic energy plunged forward, all the while calling upon the bathers to make for the parapet.

Notwithstanding my shouts, the terrified girls made no effort to save themselves. They were incapable of terror. On came the cayman, with the velocity of vengeance. It was a fearful moment. Already, at the distance of less than six paces from his prey, his long snout projecting from the water, his gums displaying their quadruple rows of sharp, glistening teeth, I shouted despairingly. I was baffled by the deep water. I had nearly twice the distance before I could interpose myself between the monster and his victims. "I shall be too late!" Suddenly I saw that the cayman had overed. In his eagerness, he had struck a submerged pipe of the jet! It delayed him only a moment, but in that moment, I had passed the state-like group, and stood ready to receive his attack.

"A la orilla—a la orilla!" (to the bank, to the bank!) I shouted, pushing the terrified girls with one hand, while with the other I held my sword at arm's length in the face of the advancing reptile. The girls, now for the first time, awakening from their lethargy of terror, rushed towards the bank. On came the monster, gnashing his teeth in the fury of disappointment, and uttering fearful human-like cries. As soon as he had got within reach, I aimed a blow at his head, but the light sabre glinted from the fleshless skull with the ringing of steel to steel. The blow, however, turned him out of his course, and missing his aim, he passed me like an arrow. I looked round with a feeling of despair. "Thank Heaven, they are safe!" I felt the clammy scales rub against my thigh, and I leaped aside to avoid the stroke of his tail as it lashed the water into foam. Again the monster turned, and came on as before. This time I did not attempt to cut, but thrust the sabre directly for his throat. The cold blade snapped between his teeth like an icicle! Not above twelve inches remained with the hilt, and with this I backed and fought with the energy of despair.

My situation had now grown critical indeed. The girls had reached the bank, and stood screaming upon the parapet. At length the elder seized upon a pole, and lifting it with all her might, leaped quickly back into the basin, and was hastening to my rescue, when a stream of fire was poured through the leaves of the plantains; a sharp crack, and short, humming whizz of a bullet, and a large to m, followed by half a dozen others, emerged from the grove, and, rushing over the wall, plunged into the pond. A loud splash in the water, and the shouts of men, the clashing of bayonets, and the reptile rolled over, pierced by a dozen wounds.

"The world glazes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity,—all find room to exist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act.

Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and though Tibullus is immortal he is old. Achilles is a quite invulnerable; the sacred waters did not wash the heel by which Thetis held him. Siegfried, the Nibelungen, is no quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it must be. There is a crack in everything God has made.

All things are double, one against another. It is for us; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. Give and it shall be given you. He that watereth shall be watered himself. What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. Nothing venture, nothing have. Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. Who doth not work shall not eat. Harm watch harm catch. Curses always recoil on the head of him who impresses them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. Bad counsel counsels the adviser. The devil is an ass.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay soon and let as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for his small fragility. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of the benefits on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and warm wounds. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends seem, at the moment, unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and therefore of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots, and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and neglect of the gardener, is made the basis of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

Gertrude is enamored of Guy; how high, how aristocratic, how Roman his mien and manners! to live with him were life indeed, and no purchase is too great; and Heaven and earth are moved to that end. Well, Gertrude has Guy; but what now avails how high, how aristocratic, how Roman his mien and manners, if his heart and aims are in the Senate, in the theatre, and in the billiard room, and she has no aims, no conversation, that can enchant her graceful lord?

You have observed a skillful map reading Virgil. Well, that author is a thousand books to a thousand persons. Take the book into your two hands, and read your eyes out; you will never find what I find.

Nothing Like the Bible.

AN AFFECTING AND REMARKABLE TALE.

The circumstance itself occurred in the town of Warrenton, and was related at a Bible-meeting by a gentleman of respectability connected with the Society.

The circumstance was introduced in the following words:—About three years ago, a little boy decently clothed, the eldest appearing about thirteen and the younger eleven, called at the lodging-house for vagrants, in this town, for a night's lodging. The keeper of the house (very properly) took them to the vagrant's office to be examined; and if proper objects to be relieved. The account they gave of themselves was extremely affecting, and no doubt was entertained of its truth. It appears that but a few weeks had elapsed since these poor little wanderers had resided with their parents in London. The typhus fever, however, in one day carried off both father and mother, leaving the orphans in a wide world, without friends. Immediately after the last tribute was paid to their parents' memory, having an uncle in Liverpool, destitute as they were, resolved to go and throw themselves upon his protection. Tired, therefore, and faint, they arrived in this town on their way. Two bundles contained their little all. In the youngest boy's pocket was found, neatly covered and carefully preserved, a Bible. The keeper of the lodging-house, addressing the little boy, said: "You have neither money nor meat, will you sell me this Bible? I will give you five shillings for it." "No," exclaimed he, (the tears rolling down his youthful cheeks), "I'll starve first."

"There are plenty of books to be bought besides this; why do you love this Bible so much?" He replied:—"No book has stood my friend so much as my Bible." "Why, what has your Bible done for you?" He said. He answered:—"When I was a little boy, about seven years of age, I became a Sunday school scholar in London. Through the kind attention of my master, I soon learned to read my Bible, this Bible, young as I was, showed me that I was a sinner, and a great one, too; it also pointed me to a Saviour; and I thank God that I have found mercy at the hands of Christ, and I am not ashamed to confess him before the world."

To try him still farther, six shillings were then offered him for his Bible. "No," said he; for it has been my support all the way from London; hungry and weary, often have I sat down by the wayside to read the Bible, and found refreshment from it." Thus did he experience the consolation of the Psalmist, when he said, "Thy comforts have refreshed my soul." He was then asked, "What will you do when you get to Liverpool, should your uncle refuse to take you?" The reply may excite a blush in many Christians. "My Bible will me," said he, "when my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." The man could go no further, for the tears choked his utterance, and they both wept together. They had in their pockets tickets, as rewards for their good conduct, from the school to which they belonged, and thankfulness and humility were visible in all their deportment.

At night, these orphans, bending their knees at the side of the bed, committed themselves to the care of their Heavenly Father—to Him whose ears are open to the prayers of the poor and destitute, and to Him who has said, "Call upon me in the hour of trouble. I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." The next morning, these refreshed little wanderers arose early, dressed themselves for their journey, and set out for Liverpool. May He who hears the ravens when they cry, hear them answer their petitions, guide them through time, and bless them in eternity.

There is nothing under Heaven so sweet, as pure fresh immutable affection. The most felicitous moments of man's life, the most extatic of all his emotions and sympathies, is that in which he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart. The spring of feelings, when in their youthful bloom, are fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness. The spell that once draws them forth, is the mystic light of future years and undying memory. Nothing in life is so pure and devoted as woman's love. It matters not whether it be a husband or child, a sister or a brother, it is the same pure unquenchable flame—the constant and indomitable glow of feeling, whose unadmirable touchstone is trial. Do but give her one token of love—one kind word or one gentle look, even if it be amid desolation and death—the feelings of that faithful heart will gush forth as a torrent, in despite of earthly bonds, or mercenary tie. More priceless than the Gems of Golconda is the female heart, and more devoted than the idolatry of Mecca is woman's love.

When Mr. Gallatin was a member of congress in the year 1806, Tennessee was admitted as a state into the Union, and sent her first member to Washington. One day, when in his seat in the House Mr. Gallatin noticed a tall uncouth looking individual, with long locks of hair hanging over his brows and face, while a queue hung down his back, tied in an eel skin. The dress of the individual was singular—his manner and deportment that of a back-woodman. The appearance of so singular a character on the floor of the House of Representatives, naturally attracted attention, and a member at his side asked who he was. Mr. Gallatin replied that it was the member for the new State, "Well," said his friend, "the man just the sort of a chap one might expect from such an uncivilized region as Tennessee." The individual in question was Andrew Jackson.

NEWSPAPERS.—W. C. Bryant, speaking of newspapers, said:—"Books are the precious metals in masses—newspapers coin them for general use, put them into the most convenient form, and pass them from hand to hand."

The Physician's Oath.

The following "oath of the physician" is one of the most remarkable relics of antiquity. It is ascribed to Hippocrates, but it is believed to be of still greater antiquity. It is, however, certain that it was in vogue in his time. It is alluded to in the writings of Plato, Soranus, Jemine and others. It may be well to remark by way of preliminary, that Apollon, the son of Jupiter, was the god of medicine. Esculapius was the son of Apollon. Hygieia (health) and Panacea (universal remedy) were Esculapius's daughters. In all oaths of those days, it was customary to invoke the gods and goddesses.

The Oath—"I swear by Apollon, the Physician, by Esculapius, by Hygieia and Panacea (universal remedy) that I will faithfully, to the extent of my power and ability, this oath, and this written engagement; that I will consider him who taught me this act in the light of a father; that I will watch over his interests, provide liberally for his wants, consider his children as my own brothers, and that I will instruct them in his profession, if such be their wish, without salary or compensation; that I will communicate to them, to my own children, and to adepts in this science, the common precepts of our profession and its secret requirements, but will conceal them from all others. According to the best of my knowledge I will make use of the rules of dietetics for the comfort and relief of my patients. I will remove from them everything that could be injurious to them—and all kinds of witchcraft. I will never administer a deadly poison to any one, whoever he may be, or however earnestly I may be solicited, nor will I prepare it for another to administer. I will never cause abortion. I will preserve my life pure and holy as my art. I will never remove calculi, but will direct such patients to those who make this their business. In every house in which I may enter I shall be only for the relief of the sick, preserving myself free from all voluntary iniquity; abstaining from all kinds of debauchery; forbidding myself all improprieties, whether with man or woman, slave or free. Anything which I may see or hear in the exercise of my profession, that ought not to be divulged, shall, by me, be regarded as an inviolable secret.

"If I faithfully fulfil the conditions of my oath, may my life pass happily away; may I gather the fruits of my labors, and live, honored by all to the latest posterity. But if I fail therein, and perjure myself, let the contrary of all this happen."

Didn't Get Married.

Less than two years since a lady and gentleman, residents of a neighboring town, were engaged to be married. When the time for the union arrived, however, the fair one proved false, and refused to fulfil her part of the obligation. Since then they both came to this city, where the engagement was renewed, and the lady was promising herself the bliss of a bride. Last Sunday was the appointed time for the ceremony, and the church was crowded. After service in the morning more than fifty persons waited to witness the scene, and the priest was at the altar, when the man quickly remarking to the lady—"Before I wanted to get married and you sulked me, and now you want to get married and I do the same."—left the house to the no small amusement of all parties, and the disappointment of the spectators present, to say nothing of the lady.—Newburyport Herald.

A Reasonable Paragraph.

A subscriber to N. York paper makes the following sensible remark in regard to advance payments:—"It is so much better to pay for it in advance that I should be very unwilling to neglect it till the close of the year. There are a number of considerations which should induce me to pay for it in advance. It is but a trifle for me to pay, and I enjoy the reading I think better than I should if it was not paid for. Again, so many trifles as your list of subscribers amount to, will make a very respectable sum to defray the expenses of editing and publishing the paper; and then it can be done to better advantage with cash in hand. Besides, as I have some experience in agency for the paper there are some I know, who are not very prompt in paying. How brethren can read the paper, with all its excellencies even, when it is not paid for, and enjoy it I cannot conceive. I should think something would be whispering in their ears, 'This is a good paper, but it is not paid for.'"

Gen Jackson's First Appearance in Congress.

When Mr. Gallatin was a member of congress in the year 1806, Tennessee was admitted as a state into the Union, and sent her first member to Washington. One day, when in his seat in the House Mr. Gallatin noticed a tall uncouth looking individual, with long locks of hair hanging over his brows and face, while a queue hung down his back, tied in an eel skin. The dress of the individual was singular—his manner and deportment that of a back-woodman. The appearance of so singular a character on the floor of the House of Representatives, naturally attracted attention, and a member at his side asked who he was. Mr. Gallatin replied that it was the member for the new State, "Well," said his friend, "the man just the sort of a chap one might expect from such an uncivilized region as Tennessee." The individual in question was Andrew Jackson.

Farm and Household.

The following from Blackwood's Mag. for Feb., extracted from an interesting article entitled "The Gardens," is good:

"All this is tolerable enough; but it is beyond mortal endurance to be told, as we continually are, by sapient economists, that they do not care for a garden, and do not possess one, because they find it cheaper to buy their fruits and vegetables. Who doubts it? The pleasures of gardening depend not upon economic considerations. The fascination is in the very arts of cultivation—in the very growing of your own fruit and flowers. Is there no pleasure in tending flowers, and watching their opening blossoms—in sowing the seed, and rejoicing over the strong—in culling a well chosen bouquet for the adornment of your care gown? Is there no pleasure in being able to send well ripened grapes or peaches to a sick neighbor, who has them not—in bestowing a cap-full of rosy-cheeked apples on a rosy-cheeked boy—in inviting the children of the village to partake of your gooseberries—in sending at the close of a severe winter, a hundred cauliflower plants to the minister of the parish? Is there no pleasure in exchanging rare flowers—in getting and giving floral gifts? Does your heart not leap up when the first snow-drop—bold chider of lingering winter and adventurous invader of his icy reign—shows its welcome face on the green? Is there no transport when the seedling hollyhock bursts on your astonished vision in unexpected beauty? Thousands there are who are doomed by dire necessity never to have a garden of their own, but those who can and ought, and yet have not, for the sake of cheapness and from motives of a mean economy, ought to be banished to some desert wilderness, where the green earth and nature's flowers may not waste their sweetness on them. It may, however, more such parties more, to tell them that market vegetables are almost invariably insipid or coarse-tasted, although good enough, we dare say, for their cuisine. But we are getting garrulous again, or worse, and had better pause."

Measuring Corn in the Grib.

As the season is approaching when our farmers will be selling their corn for market, perhaps a rule for ascertaining the quantity they may have, in an easy and expeditious manner, may be of service to them. We find the following in an exchange:

"After leveling the corn, multiply the length and breadth of the house together, and the product by the depth, which will give the cubic feet of the bulk of corn; then divide this last product by twelve, and the quotient will be the number of barrels of shelled corn contained in the house or crib. If there be a remainder after the division, it will be so many twelfths of a barrel of shelled corn over."

As an example of this rule, a crib, 12 feet long, 11 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, contains 792 cubic feet. This amount divided by 12 will give 66, as the number of barrels of shelled corn, or 330 bushels, (as we see the writer allows 5 bushels to the barrel.) We give this rule for what it is worth, and our readers can test it for themselves.

HAVE A PLAN FOR EVERY DAY.

These plans ought to be maturely formed the evening previous, and on rising in the morning, again looked at, and immediately entered upon. It is astonishing how much more we accomplish in a single day (and of what else is life made up?) by having the plan previously marked out. It is so in every thing.